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"SO YOU THINK I AM DRINKING TOO MUCH?"

"NO, BUT I THINK YOU WILL KILL YOURSELF IF YOU KEEP ON."

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Solid Silver

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A GREAT STORE ON WHEELS

would be a world's wonder. We almost give you the thing where you are the store is at your elbow—if a railroad or a postal office is. WRITE FOR WHAT YOU WANT. A letter or even a postal card will command the resources of the house.

Lists of Books or of Groceries and samples of every sampleable thing will be sent to any asker. Groceries are delivered free within 100 miles of New York City; Dry Goods are sent free to any part in the United States reached by railroad or express.

TO BE STYLISHLY DRESSED

Costs a woman no more now than to go about with ill-fitting clothes. It's simply a question of buying of a dealer who knows what proper garments are and who is unwilling to sell the slouchy sorts. There are many such dealers—more every year. But there are vastly more of the other kind who handle the cheap and mean. We save you every possible cent of cost, but only on worthy goods.

SEWING MACHINES.

Stewart lock stitch machine—nothing better made. All warranted for five years. No. 1—\$12.75; No. 2—3 drawers, \$18.75; with 5 drawers, \$20.75. These are the grades of machine that you used to pay \$50 to \$75 for. We deliver Sewing Machines free east of the Rocky Mountains.

WITH THE STATIONERY

Not one item in a hundred gets a word. Never mind, anything that a first-class, up-to-date stationery store ought to have is here.

120 sheets of Paper and 100 Envelopes, cream wove or linen, 48c.; 60 sheets and 60 Envelopes, 19c.; Quire box, with envelopes, newest tints, 15c.; quire box, with envelopes, 10c.; 10 boxes, 90c. Writing Pads, 2c. to 30c. Desk Blotters, silver corners, \$1.25 to \$3.50; Canvas Folios, leather trimmed, containing word book, 75c.

Pocket Memorandum Books, leather cover, 12c. and upward; Address books, 25c. to \$1.75; Visiting Books, 40c. to \$1.40. Economic Fountain Ink Stands, 25c.; Triller's Ink Wells, 15c. and upward; Silver Penholders, 95c. and upward; Liden Penholders, \$1.40; Sterling Silver Pencils, 50c. and upward; Nickel Note Pencils, 10c. and 15c.; Fountain Pen gold nibs, \$1.00 and upward. Playing Cards, best make, 15, 20, 25 40 and 50c. the pack. Scrap Books, 25c. to 90c.; Housekeeping Scrap Books, 75c.

FOR QUICK LUNCHEES.

Corry & Co.'s Belfast Ginger Ale—Pat stoppers, no corks to pull—\$1.06 doz. \$3.25 a case of 5 dozen; for 3 days only Reid's Kola Champagne, aerated, a famous Scotch temperance drink, 10c. bottle. Claret Lemonade, finest quality, this is only 26c. bottle. Lime Juice, 23c. bottle; 3 days only. French Olive Oil—our importation—large; 36c. medium; 24c. small bot Celery Salt—finest—8c. large castor bot Genuine French Boneless Sardines—finest in pure olive oil, 28c. can; \$3.24 doz. French Young Mackerel, in oil. Some superior in flavor and texture to sardines. About 14 fish in a 16c. can. Cooked Whole Lunch Tongues. Two in ea 29c. can. "Royal Yacht Club" Salad Dressing—ready for immediate use—23c. medium bottle 41c. large bottle. Tea—choice quality—Mixed Oolong or English breakfast, 6c. kind at 35c. lb.

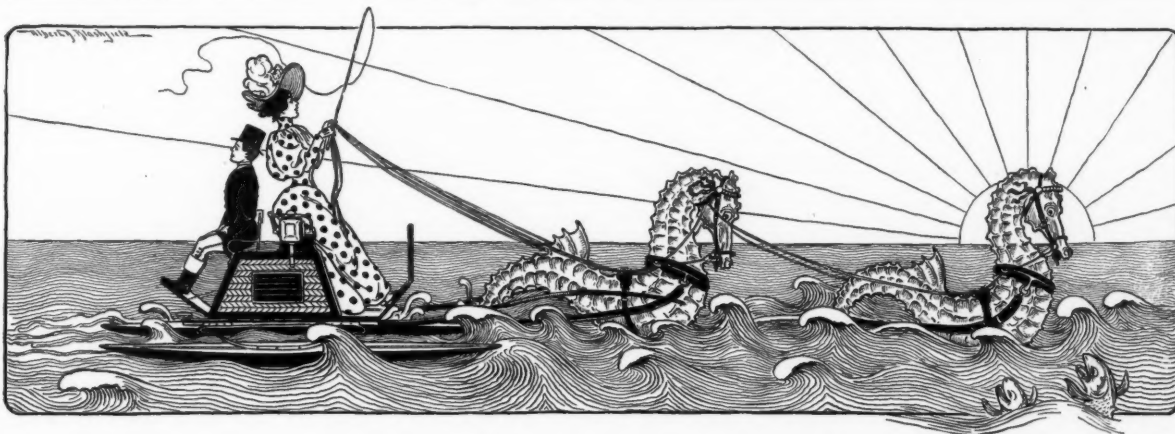


ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWING ASS'N,

Celebrated Brands of Bottled Beer.

BUDWEISER, ANHEUSER-BUSCH PALE, FAUST, WHITE LABEL EXQUISITE.

For the Yacht, the Camp, the Sea Shore and the Mountains. Bottled at the Brewery, expressly for Family and Club use. Forwarded to any address in four to ten dozen packages, securely packed. Send for price list to O. MEYER & CO., Sole Agents, 24-27 West Street, New York City.



AS SEEN FROM THE BEACH AT NEWPORT.

IT WAS.

A VERY clever little miss
Wrote some verses on a kiss
Describing well—the sweet sensation.
But—questioned on the authorship,
She let this little statement slip—
The kiss—was a collaboration.

HADN'T STOPPED FOR GOOD.

"JONES, we miss you lots. You
haven't been to the club since
your wife died."
"Well, don't worry. I shall marry
again."

A TRUE FRIEND.

MISS WITHERS: What would
you do if I should refuse you?
HE: I'd see if I couldn't find some
other fellow who would be willing to
marry you.



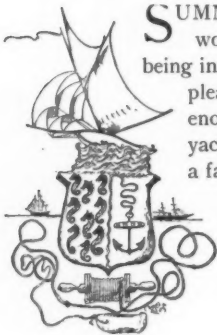
"A FIT HUSBAND FOR MY DAUGHTER! WHY, IN THE FIRST PLACE, SHE IS HALF A HEAD TALLER THAN YOU."
"WELL, SIR, I DON'T EXPECT TO BE SO SHORT AFTER I AM MARRIED."



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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SUMMER would be a less anxious time for some worthy people if it were not for the risk of being invited to cruise on yachts. Yachts are very pleasant and convenient toys if one is rich enough to own and maintain one, and likes yachting and can spare the time. If one has a family, to put it aboard a yacht and carry it off, pleasuring must be an excellent sport and a great saving of trouble. But to go off on some other person's yacht is a different matter. On one's own yacht one can be morose and silent, or even seasick, if one must, but decency demands that on a friend's yacht one

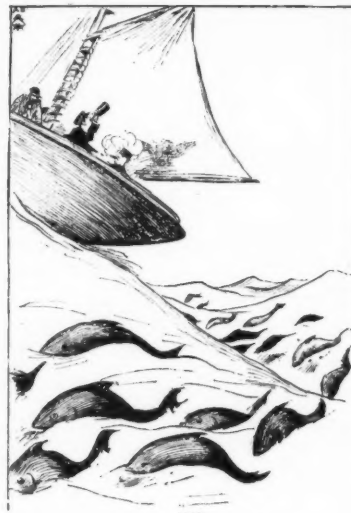
should be in a cheerful frame all day long and a constant contributor of gaiety to the ship's company. One must go where the boat goes, stay where the boat stays, come home when the boat comes; must give up his personal liberty and all choice of occupations as long as the trip lasts.

To make all these serious renunciations of personal volition is a solemn business, and unless one's circumstances and engagements suit it the drawbacks to it may easily seem to outweigh the advantages. A prudent person might reasonably shrink from a yachting trip of any length because of the hazardous exposure it must involve of one's personal idiosyncrasies.



one's intellectual equipment from being detected.

IT is no very serious effort when one is asked out to dinner to put on one's company manners and keep them on till one gets home; but being on a yacht is like being asked out to dinner for a week. One cannot readily assume behavior for such a stretch of time as that. Something of the real man or the real woman must come out. One's little stock of ready-made talk is soon exhausted, and after that there is nothing to hinder the poverty of



ON a yacht, too, one is cut off from his customary means of discipline. He cannot work at his trade and subdue his temper in that way. He gets no morning paper, and cannot read himself into obliviousness. He is fortunate if he finds a chance to say his prayers. All his habitual defences are wrested from him, and he may as well make up his mind to be shown up.

What wonder that cautious persons hug

the shore and disparage the seaworthiness of their stomachs. If anyone is invited to go yachting and can go and wants to go, by all means let him go and try it. He may be one of the exceptional people who are fitted for that kind of sport. But if such a person by any mischance should not be invited, it may be a solace to him to take into account the possible risks that he escapes, and the superior safety and convenience of staying at home.



IN the very general expression of the conviction that Maria Barberi, the Italian girl who killed her betrayer, ought not to be put to death, it has been interesting to notice how very many of the pleas made in her behalf have been based on the feeling that she has been denied the leniency which a jury of men would have shown to a man in a predicament analogous to hers. In reading the letters to the newspapers about her case one is struck by the frequency of the remark that she was tried, convicted and sentenced by men and men only, and that she should have had a jury of women. The case has emphasized the existence of a strong sentiment that in cases of crimes committed by women, and actuated by motives peculiarly feminine, the true peers of the culprit are women, and that justice should be influenced if not governed by the feminine view of the case.

It is a long time since the strength of the contemporary public conviction that women should have absolutely fair play has been so clearly shown as in this lamentable case of Maria Barberi.

THE POWER OF THE HUMAN EYE.



THE SOLITAIRE.

A GRUNTING boar uprooted you, perchance.
A negro spurned you as a worthless stone
Not worth the trouble to pick up or own.
A creature, you, of simple circumstance.
A slave that saw you knew you at a glance
And gave you for the right to die alone,
In freedom such as he had never known.
Then you became a figure in romance.
Jews, traders, soldiers, owned you for a time
Theft, lying, murder, all were your affair.
You blazed at courts, you wallowed deep in slime.
Hate, envy, you have caused, and killing care,
Until there came to-night your fate sublime
Of sparkling in Clarissa's unknissed hair.

Tom Hall.

NEWS.

IN a dispatch to a daily paper we see glad tidings:

Weather conditions were perfect to-day, and Newport was quite gay. Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt gave a young people's picnic at Lawton's Valley in honor of her handsome daughter, Miss Consuela. Other cottagers entertaining included Mrs. L. B. McCagg, Mrs. Clews, Mrs. G. P. Williams, Mrs. Elisha Dyer, Jr., and Lisenard Stewart.

While all patriotic Americans are overjoyed to learn that the "handsome daughter" had this picnic in her honor they are correspondingly depressed by the fact that in this paragraph only five other persons should merit publicity. Of course Mrs. Clews and Mrs. Elisha Dyer were mentioned, as the two names are enshrined in the hearts of the people, and the public buys its paper largely for the pleasure of reading those names; but why this slur upon all the guests? If the fact of these worthy people having entertained is worth publishing it seems to us the names of the guests must be equally important.

Better have it as silly and vulgar as possible and give us more names and tell us just what these names had on.

GROWING THOUGHTFUL.

GRIMSHAW: There is one good thing to be said of the Brooklyn trolley cars.

CRAWFORD: I'd like to know what it is.

GRIMSHAW: They are beginning to extend their lines to the cemeteries.

SAD INDEED.

VISITOR: What are you crying about, my little man?

LITTLE WILLIE: All my brothers hez got a vacation, and I hain't got none.

VISITOR: Why that's too bad. How is that?

WILLIE (between sobs): I—don't go—to school yet.



BEFORE.

OUR FRESH AIR FUND.

YOUR three dollars not only sends a child to the country for a fortnight of fresh air, wholesome food and clean beds, but it gives you the consciousness of having made a good investment. We admit the dividends are not given to the investor, but they exist, nevertheless, and in large amounts. They take the form of browner faces and larger waists, and



AFTER.

in cool green memories that freshen a child's spirit during the remainder of the summer in a heated city.

Previously acknowledged.	\$2,003 78	Engineer.....	\$ 3 00
A. Friend.....	5 00	Cassie Dodge.....	50 00
Miss Eleanor Hastings...	10 00	Helena, Paul, Henry and	
S. R. I. L.....	5 00	Alford.....	25 00
D. D.....	3 00	H. T. Kendall.....	15 00
Little children of the Tappan Zee Hotel, viz.,		W. B. D., Providence,	
Gladys Colwell, Constance Colwell,		R. I.....	10 00
Blanche Colwell, Helen Cruikshank, Alvin A. Mack and Louis de G. Milhau.....	11 50	Little Jo.....	10 00
E. A. P.....	3 00	For some poor little one..	10 00
Rose S. Kurzman.....	5 00	Two little sisters of the rich.....	6 00
Constance Gardner.....	25 00	Jamaica Plain.....	6 00
From Garnet St. Good Folks.....	3 00	J. S. T.....	5 00
Through Larchmont Circ. Library:		In Memory of Stillman...	5 00
Miss Sloan.....	3 00	Mary E. Stillman.....	5 00
Mrs. Marshall.....	6 00	W. W. Vaughan.....	3 00
A. W. E., New London, Conn.....	6 00	Vicissimus.....	1 00
G. D. P.....	20 00	Buster, Binghamton, N.Y.	3 00
K. L. R. and G. W. R.....	6 00	Electric.....	5 00
M. C.....	20 00	S. E. McC.....	15 00
J. J. Astor.....	100 00	Mary.....	15 00
In Memory of A. M. S.....	3 00	Joe Brown.....	10 00
Utopian.....	5 00	H. H. K.....	50 00
		Baby Gordon.....	10 00
		E. A. C.....	10 00
		Tuxeden.....	10 00
		Wm. Henry Gurney.....	10 00
		E. C. and L. C. C.....	6 00
		Anna and Margaret.....	25 00
		Skaneateles.....	10 00
			\$2,576 28

We thank Mr. George M. Landers for two gross of children's knives and forks presented to the Farm.

A DOWNWARD AND AN UPWARD STEP.

IT appears that the Duke of Cambridge may resign his position as Commander-in-Chief of the British army. From one point of view it is a thing to be regretted, as this

person in such a position has been the crowning feature of the hereditary farce. The whole system of royalty at this period of the world's enlightenment is somewhat amusing, and that an intelligence like that of the Duke of Cambridge should be at the military head of the British Empire is a resounding joke. And this dull, slow minded, witless duke, because he is the cousin of a very dull woman, holds the highest military position in the English army. It is certainly time for a change, and it will not be many years before royalty with certain other curiosities will be stowed away in the European attic.



MOTHERLESS.



A WOMAN'S IDEA OF A MODERN MAN.

AT last one of the army of women writers has turned from the complacent contemplation of herself as a "new woman" to write a novel about "A Modern Man" (Macmillan.) We have long suspected that the New Woman only exists for the purpose of more efficiently catching the eye of the Modern Man. It is hardly necessary to state that at least four women show a decided interest in Miss Ella MacMahon's Modern Man in this story, and two of them are more or less in love with him.

As for the man here depicted any other brother-man of the decade could tell you just what sort of a fellow a bright woman thinks him to be, and therefore puts him into her stories.

It is needless to say that *Merton Byng* is a devil of a fellow. He has that admirable quality that all women rave over in books, but despise in real life—the faculty of getting along by his own efforts. *Byng* is what the Englishmen call a self-made man; over here we should think that he had too many advantages of education and society to be called self-made. He simply had to hustle for his own law-practice and daily bread—which lots of good men are doing all about us.

* * *

WE can't exactly make out what makes him typically modern in Miss MacMahon's eyes—whether it is his capacity for hustling; or for falling in love with the girl whose money and social position are best calculated to help along his career; or his readiness to flirt with a very pretty girl in Wales, while his own best girl is in England. All these things seem natural enough to fit any alert man of this or previous decades.

What the author seems to have very much to heart is that the Modern Man is not steadfast in his affections; that he is a time-server, turned this way or that by self-interest or passion.

We suspect that Miss MacMahon has "sized him up" with considerable acumen. But we don't think it is peculiar to the Modern Man; we also have suspicions that the Modern Woman is tossed about by similar waves of emotion.

The heroine of this story—*Muriel*—however, is not made of any such weak stuff. She loves *Byng* from first to last, sees right through his vacillations, keeps her mouth shut, and marries him. Of course she calls him down about the other girl, when they are safely married, but she is very nice about it, and *Byng* feels just cheap enough to kiss and make up.

Why shouldn't he? The girl, the fortune and the career are all safely his. She had simply kept him from making a fool of himself—as most good women are apt to do! *Droch.*

VAN: That man Tubbs just lives for his stomach.
MAC: He has a great deal to live for.



UNDER THE OLD FLAG.

NOW.

FELLER what shirks an' is lazy
 Ain't no use livin', I vow!
 But I tell yer who is the daisy—
 The feller thet does things *now*.
 He's never procrastinatin'
 An' tellin' ye "why" an' "how,"
 When the doin' on't 's what he's
 hatin':
 He jest goes and does it, *now*.
 Ef the cordwood calls fer a tussle
 Thet'll bring the sweat to his
 brow,
 He gits out his saw with a hustle,
 An' tackles the job right *now*.
 The chap thet talks of ter-morrer
 Is crooked somewheres, I 'llow;
 In payin' what he may borror,
 He never gits 'round ter *now*.
 But the feller thet starts on the
 minute—
 The crows don't roost on his
 plough—
 Ef 't rains he ain't workin' out in it,
 'Cause he gits his hay in *now*.
 Ef yer lookin' fer what'll suit yer,
 Yer kin take off yer hat an' bow
 Ter the chap thet's short on the
 future
 An' ekerly long on *now*.

Frank Roe Batchelder.

A BETTER IDEA.

LIFE has his opinion of those
 families who, in closing
 their houses for the summer,
 turn the cat out into the street
 for a prolonged starvation. As
 a betrayal of confidence alone
 it is a mean business, and its
 brutality needs no expounding.

It would be far more con-
 siderate to send for the Society's
 agent and have the "darling pet"
 humanely killed.



"SO, SIR, YOU WENT TO THAT DISGUSTING BALLET!"

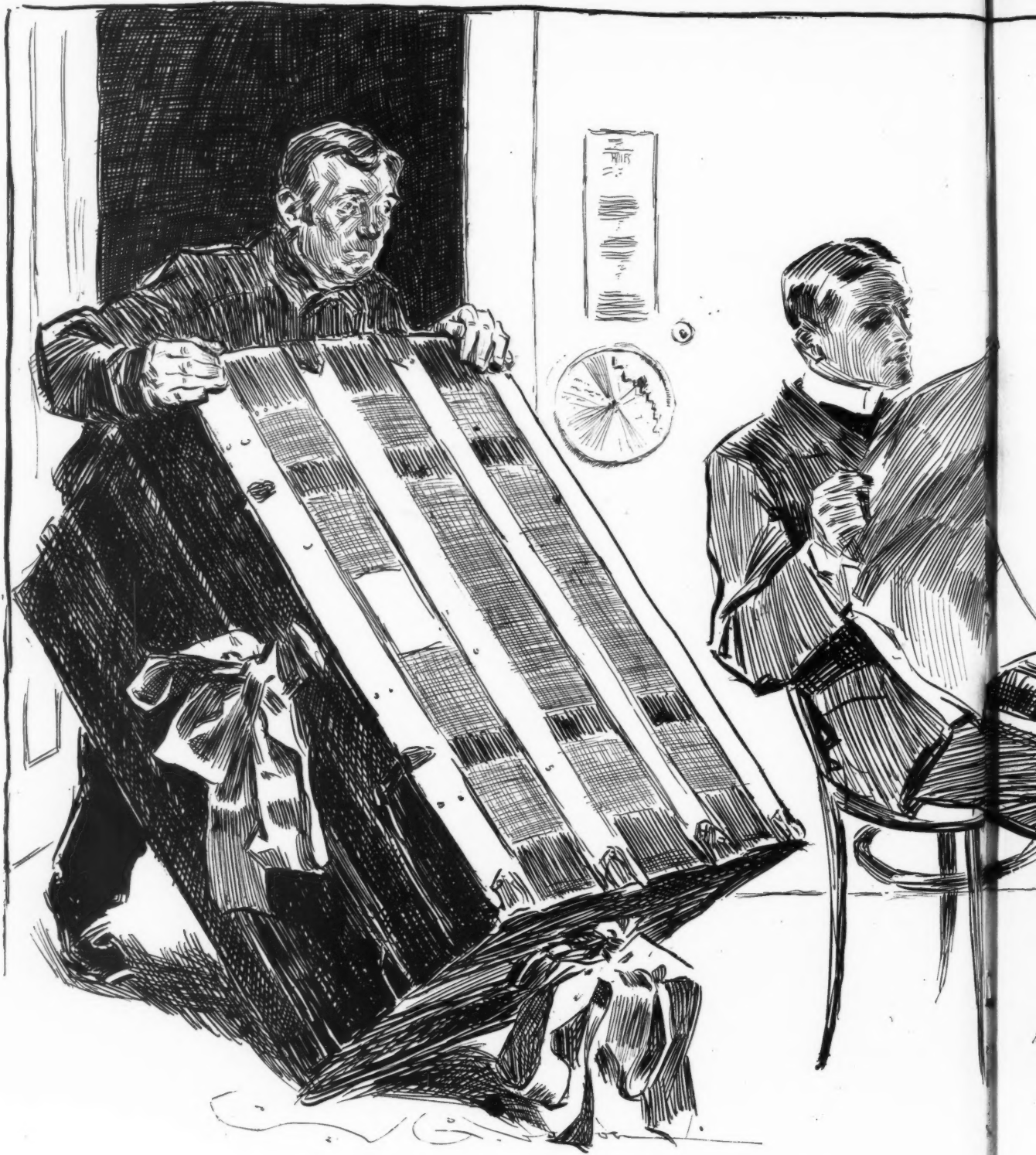
"YES, DARLING, I—"

"YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF; BUT DID YOU SEE ANYTHING THAT WOULD BE
 A GOOD DESIGN FOR A BATHING SUIT?"

A SILENCE EXPLAINED.

CARRY: Why was it, I wonder, my poor husband never said anything to me about
 remarrying?

ANNA: Probably you were not the person he wanted to warn.



THEIR PRESENCE

THEY HAD BEEN IN THEIR ROOM BUT A MOMENT WHEN



PRESENCE OF MIND.

BUT A MOMENT WHEN THEY WERE STARTLED BY A KNOCK.



THE WONDERS OF AMERICA.
RAILWAY TRAVEL IN THE UNITED STATES.

WHEN POLLY HAS A HEADACHE.

I STOOD in the hall and waited while Polly said good-bye to her visitors. She kissed them enthusiastically, told them to be sure and call again real soon, promised volubly to call on them at once, kissed them again all around, waved them a last good-bye from the porch, and then came back, and without deigning me so much as a glance swept majestically into the library. I followed meekly, and groped my way with a sinking heart to the arm-chair. Polly settled herself on the couch, arranged her skirt with great precision, folded her hands in her lap and gazed abstractedly across the room. The moment, I realized, was epoch-making in our two lives, and required a steady nerve. I lighted a cigar.

"What's the matter?" I asked the question from behind the protection of a cloud of smoke. Polly viewed me with elaborate surprise.

"Matter? I didn't know that anything was the matter."

"I was afraid that something had displeased you, dear." Polly frowned at the term of endearment. I feared the worst.

"Nothing has displeased me, I've got a headache, that's all; but that will not interest you." I had expected it, and thinking myself hidden by the smoke allowed a little smile to appear on my long-drawn countenance. Unfortunately Polly saw it. I knew it by the way she tightened her clasped hands. I became ponderously serious.

"I am very sorry." I had meant to add "dear," but I glanced at her face



"HER HAIR STOOD ON END."

and my courage failed me. No one, I am sure, would have ventured on the tiniest bit of familiarity with Polly at that moment. I looked at her in undisguised admiration. She allowed her gaze to settle on me a moment. In that gaze there was nothing to be hoped for. I resolved on desperate measures. I relighted my cigar.

"I wish you wouldn't," said Polly.

"Wouldn't what?" I ventured, calmly.

"Wouldn't sit there and look at me in that stupid way. It isn't polite, and it makes me nervous."

"What have I done?" Again the look of wide-eyed surprise.

"You? I don't understand."

"Let me explain. You have a headache. You have had them before. The last time you had a headache, when I was present, was at the Scott's. I, in a very laudable endeavor to be polite, spent a portion of the evening in talking to that little Morris girl. Of course the conversation was such as anyone might have heard, but—and mark the coincidence, please—you had a headache going home. Now to-night there have been present two more or less stupid girls. I talked to them—both of them. I didn't do it for pleasure, but because they were your guests and it was the correct thing to do. And now—you have a headache. There are the facts; draw your own conclusions." I settled back in my chair very well satisfied with my statement of the case. Polly viewed me disdainfully.

"The idea! Just as though I cared whether you talked to Annie Morris at the Scott's! You flatter yourself too much in supposing that I would get jealous of anyone. I'm sure you are quite welcome to talk to whom you please; and as for those silly, spiteful Anson girls who were here to-night, you can talk to them forever for all I care, and very welcome. Only, I'm sure it isn't very nice to sit all the evening and not have you say a single word to me, and see that nasty Lilly Anson looking at you and her sister and thinking horrid things and—and——"

"But, Polly——" I remonstrated.

"——And telling everyone to-morrow that you and I have had a quarrel and—and—all that. Not that I care a fig, but I won't have them saying nasty things. So!" The worst was over.

"Now let me explain——"

"Of course, I know I'm stupid——"

"Not a bit!"

"And not as nice to talk to as—as other girls, but——"

"A great deal nicer!"

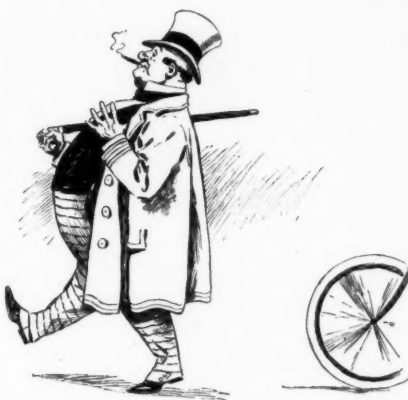
"But I have some feelings," declared Polly dolefully.

"I wonder you can like me at all; I'm so mean!" moaned Polly.

"Not a bit, dear." I felt a stubborn nod in the region of my cigar-case. "How's the headache?" I asked innocently. She raised her head and looked at me wonderingly.

"What headache?" said Polly.

IT MAKES SUCH A DIFFERENCE WHO DOES IT.



AN INDUCEMENT.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER: You knew your lesson perfectly this time, Tommy.

TOMMY: Yes'm. Pa said he'd let me go fishing this afternoon if I didn't miss any of it.

Richard Stillman Powell.

A PREFERENCE.

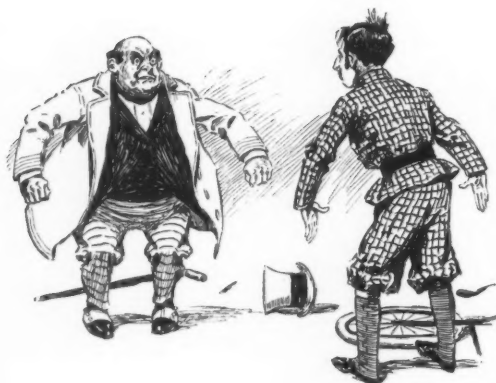
I TOOK a header off my wheel
And then was forced to say,
"Better fifty years of Europe
Than a cycle of to-day."



ON THE COAST. TIME, 11:30 A. M.

What he said (the party stretched on rocks): THIS IS SIMPLY DELIGHTFUL; THE BRACING AIR PUTS NEW LIFE INTO ME; BESIDES IT'S A PLEASURE TO GET AWAY FROM THE HEATED CITY, FROM BUSINESS—AND MY WIFE'S—

What the Telegram said: WILL BE DOWN WITH MOTHER AND THE CHILDREN ON THE TWELVE O'CLOCK TRAIN.



OH, WE KNOW IT!

I N a recent copy of an English periodical we see this:

"The taste of the conductors of American newspapers can hardly be said to improve as time goes on. The outrageous vulgarity, unredeemed by any flash of wit or humorous suggestion, that flaunts itself even in some of the journals that pride themselves upon their superiority over their rivals, ought to make all decent Americans ashamed of their national press."

The writer may have been hot when this was written, and if he had paused to discover how "decent Americans" regard their own newspapers he would perhaps have economized his ink. Every "decent American" is painfully aware of the fact that his daily press is far more vulgar, degrading and mendacious than that of any other country. But the "decent American" must have his twelve pages of filth and scandal every morning, or he feels that he is behind the times. The saddest feature of it all is that his wife and daughters read the same stuff.

And we are wondering why the American girl loses her bloom so early in life!

QUITE READY.

HE: I'd like a flower in my coat when I go.

SHE: I'll put it in now.





TO AMARYLLIS, WHO WOULD WRITE.

WHEN lovely Amaryllis speaks,
Her words my homage so compel,
That readily for days or weeks
Content I'd sit,
To hear the wit
And wisdom from her lips which fell.
And ah! when Amaryllis sings,
All conversation dies away;
A bird she is, bereft of wings;
The nightingale,
Would wholly fail,
To imitate her upper A.
But oh! when Amaryllis writes . . .
She hopes to conquer fame by dint
Of scribbling stories, and invites
Her swain to praise
Each clumsy phrase,
And bids him get the stuff in print!
Nay, let an easier plan be tried,
And if for sure renown you look,
You've but to lay the pen aside;
We'll soon declare,
The maiden rare,
Who never even wrote a book!

—St. James's Gazette.

SINCE the trolley cars in Brooklyn have been reducing the population of the city to such an alarming extent real estate men have had considerable difficulty in persuading people to move from this city over the bridge.

They are beginning now to offer prizes of all sorts as inducements to desirable tenants. Some agents allow the occupants of their property car fare to and from business, while others pay the premium on their fire insurance, etc.

The following advertisement from a morning paper, however, is considered the top notch reached thus far by the enterprising agents employing the prize method as a decoy for the inexperienced house hunter:

"Five rooms and bath in good neighborhood; shades, curtains and carpets free; in first class order and condition; 18 minutes to New York city hall; one month's rent free and diamond cluster ring will be given to good tenant.—Lexington Avenue, Brooklyn."—*New York Evening Sun*.

"WHICH do you love most, your papa or your mamma?"

LITTLE CHARLIE: I love papa most.

CHARLIE'S MOTHER: Why, Charlie, I am surprised at you. I thought you loved me most.

CHARLIE: Can't help it, mamma. We men have to hold together.—*Jewish Times and Observer*.

"WHEN does the last mail close for Boston?" asked a lady at a suburban post-office in the middle of the afternoon. "It's just gone," answered the attendant; "but there's another at six."—*Youth's Companion*.



GAME BIRDS AT HOME. By Theodore S. Van Dyke. New York: Fords, Howard and Hurlbut.

Bullet and Shell. By Geo. F. Williams. New York: Fords, Howard and Hurlbut.

American Steam Vessels. By Samuel Ward Stanton. New York: Smith and Stanton.

Sentimental Studies And a Set of Village Tales. By Hubert Crackanthorpe. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Old Man Savarin and Other Stories. By Edward William Thomson. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell and Company.

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LADY OF THE HOUSE: I don't see why you call this "the trolley" mousetrap; it doesn't look like a trolley.

SALESMAN (significantly): It kills 'em every time, ma'am.—*New York World*.

MAUDE (anxiously): Tom, I refused Charlie Wallister when he proposed to me this afternoon, and he said that I had wrecked his life. You don't think that he'll go and commit suicide, do you?

TOM: Oh, no, I don't think there's any danger that he will. He and I have just been playing pool together all the evening at the club.—*Louisville Journal*.

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GOMEZ: I say, was it you who recommended that cook to my wife?

PEREZ: I believe so.

GOMEZ: Then I should like you to come and have supper with us to-night.—*La Gaceta de Malaga*.

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